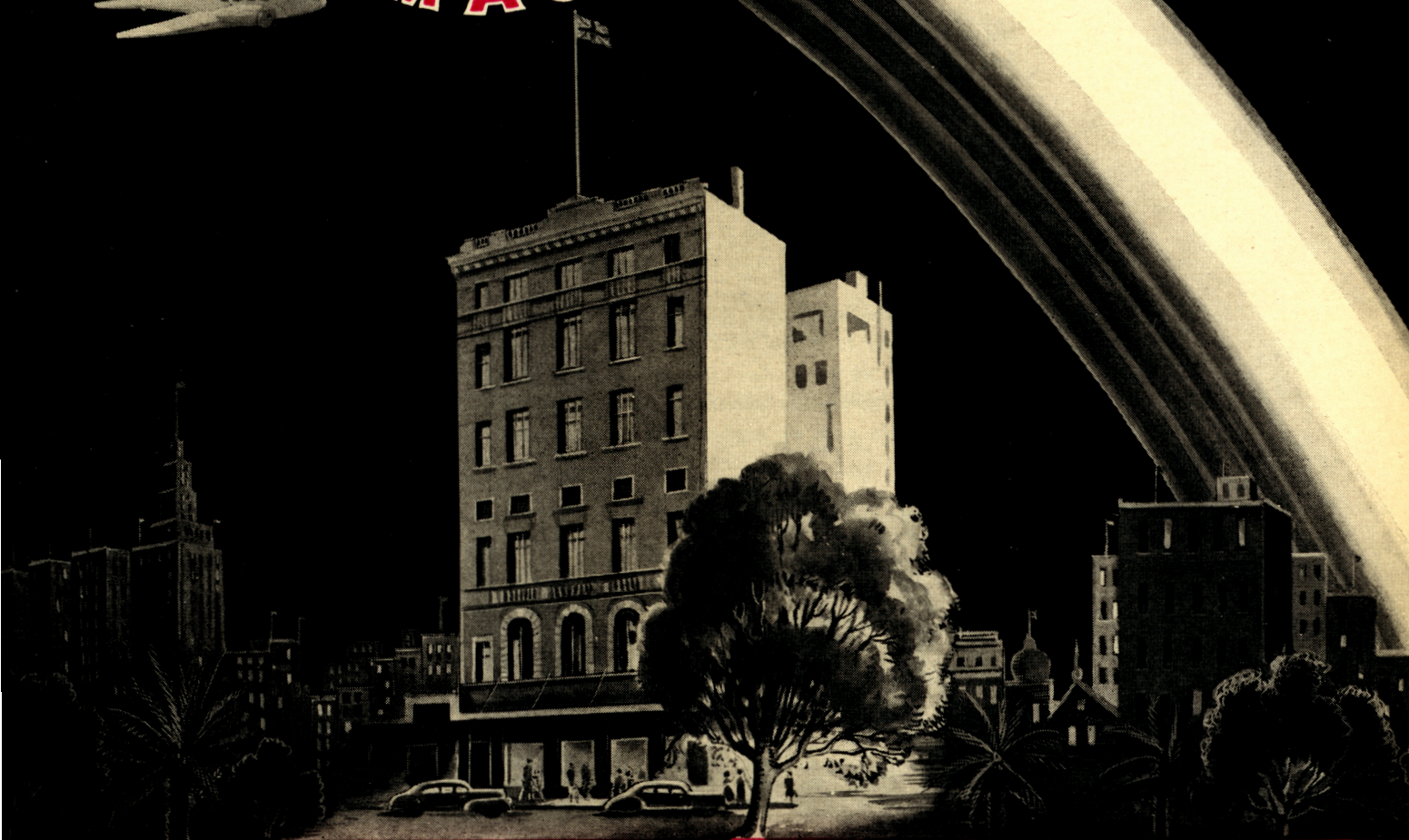


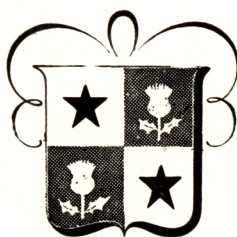
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club"**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

TOAST TO OUR KINSMEN

BRTAIN has run her classic events of the turf, has staged Wimbledon in tennis, the Open in Golf, the athletic championships, is staging the cricket Tests, besides preparing for the Olympic Games.

True, the indomitable Old Country is not ringing the bell so regularly as on other occasions, but success, as the British evaluate it, is not the sole consideration; and they are right in placing purpose before pre-eminence.

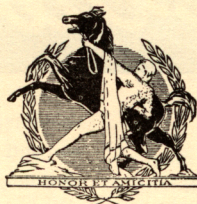
The British believe that they owe to the world of sport a contribution in ethical values transcending success as recorded on the score-board. In this, too, they are right.

The Duke of Windsor—in the days when he was Prince of Wales—said in presenting to an American the trophy for the British Open Golf Championship: "We British for the moment have lost the knack of winning, but we have not forfeited the art of losing. So we hope that you Americans will come again and again until, as you say, we put one over."

So it is that, however little of success the British may attain in sport, the world continues to concede to them leadership in sportsmanship. This, despite the poor showing of sections of the English Press, unrepresentative of national feeling.

Although Britain may not carry off the honours at the Olympic Games, she will not suffer decline as a sporting country, nor will her people lose caste as sportsmen. The world will continue to look to Britain for sporting leadership. Isn't that to be prized above trophies? The British think so. For that reason, while still licking their war wounds, they believe that they should carry on in their historic role.

Therefore, we wish our kinsmen good fortune in the Olympic Games, as fitting reward for their magnificent leadership.



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

S. E. CHATTERTON

Treasurer:

JOHN HICKEY

Committee:

**F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**G. J. C. MOORE
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD
DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

AFFILIATED CLUBS :

DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles **ATHLETIC CLUB**:—

Pacific Coast Club.
Riviera Country Club.

OLYMPIC CLUB San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

JULY.

5th Dr. W. McDonnell Kelly	17th L. Mitchell
6th J. B. Moran	19th A. H. Stocks
8th C. F. Horley	21st G. F. Wilson
11th I. E. Ives	27th J. Colquhoun
13th F. C. Belot	28th L. J. Maidment
15th W. M. Gollan	C. B. R. Lawler
R. C. Chapple	30th Robert Mead
	31st H. Webster

AUGUST.

1st S. J. Fox	19th A. F. Gay
6th P. B. Lusk	20th H. H. McIntosh
7th A. T. Selman	22nd P. B. Lindsay
8th Greg. Keighery	25th Hon. A. Mair
12th J. Stewart	26th P. H. Goldstein
14th E. K. White	30th E. Hunter
S. Biber	Bowman
W. J. Walsh	Arthur Langley
15th R. B. Hughes	31st E. Sodersten
18th Professor J. D. Stewart	

PHIL ROACH, in a heat of the billiards tournament, defeated his opponent — the favourite — by more points than he had been conceded by his opponent. Phil's pals cracked: "They should take a swab from you."

INTRODUCED by Harry Smith to Club members: Squadron Leader Lamont, of the Canadian Air Force, and good fellow. He returned to Canada after seeing the sights, including our harbour — and our Randwick.

ARTHUR STUTCHBURY was in a winning position in his snooker game when he called for light refreshment to ease the tension over the final stretch. His nephew, Carl Parry, came to the rescue with a double-header brandy, after which Arthur's form deteriorated—according to report.

M. D. J. DAWSON was appointed secretary of Tattersall's Club, as from June 28, in succession to T. T. Manning. Mr. Dawson entered the service of the Club in the clerical division, on Oct. 8, 1923, when the Club was situated at 204 Pitt Street. He carried out the secretarial duties during the absence of Mr. Manning on holiday and for the period of the latter's leave of absence on long-ser-

vice leave in 1947. Mr. Dawson has served under five chairmen: Messrs. James Barnes, A. C. Ingham, W. H. Whiddon, W. W. Hill and S. E. Chatterton. He was on active service overseas from 1942 till the close of the war.

MEMBERS will enjoy an innovation in the billiards' section this year. Your Committee has granted use of the Billiard Room to the Amateur Billiards Association to play certain of their important matches in connection with the State Championship. Members are invited to attend and also at the finals which will be played on a specially erected table by fellow-member Percy Smith, at his Castlereagh St. Showrooms. The dates and engagements at our Club are:—July 22, Snooker; August 3, Minor Billiards heat and August 11 and 12 Semi-finals of the Major Billiards title.

APOLOGY

With reference to my statements made at the Annual General Meeting of Tattersall's Club on the 9th June, concerning the accounts of the Club, I now realise and admit that certain remarks reflected upon the honesty and integrity of the Club's Committee and I now wish to make it publicly known that any remarks of mine which may have had the effect of reflecting upon the honesty and integrity of the Committee or any individual member of the Committee in connection with the presentation of the Club's accounts are hereby entirely retracted and withdrawn by me and my apology to the Club's Committee and its members is tendered for the same.

(Sgd.) J. L. Hughes.

GORDON BOOTH is making fine headway as secretary of the newly formed Bowling unit attached to our Club. A full programme of engagements is being drawn up and the unit's president, Jack Roles, anticipates all members being kept fully engaged each week. At the moment there is talk of a contest against the Brisbane "Strollers," who will be in Sydney from Sept. 13 to 18 to engage in the biggest and most important social round of

contests since pre-war. The "Strollers" are akin to the erstwhile "Knuts" combination, led by the late Felix Booth for many years. That happy band travelled the Commonwealth spreading good cheer among fellow bowlers and the "Strollers" are now carrying on the good work. A pleasing feature is that all metropolitan Bowling Clubs contacted to date have freely set their greens at the disposal of Tattersall's Club.

THE two "Arthurs"—Chown and Stutchbury, thoroughly enjoyed themselves in their snooker tournament heat. Former conceded the last-named 35 points and won by better than "three lengths" or, in snooker terminology, 36 points. Biggest margin to date was that by Ken Ranger over the accomplished W. ("Billy") Longworth, who had a margin of 84 in his favour after having received a 30-points start. Other wide margins were 50 by C. O. Chambers over W. Forster, and 47 by P. N. Roach over M. Lloyd Jones.

Widest victory margin in the billiards section was our Chairman's 90 after receiving 10 points from H. H. Robinson, but W. G. Marshall was not so happy. Against Arthur Stutchbury he had spectators excited at the end when the difference was only one point.

Full details to July 5 will be found further on in the magazine.

DEATHS.

J. A. McCLEAN
Elected 12/12/1927
Died 11/6/1948.

R. A. CULLEN-WARD
Elected 9/1/1928
Died 12/6/1948.

D. J. BATEY
Elected 7/5/1934
Died 16/6/1948.

W. P. STIMSON
Elected 19/9/1927
Died 17/6/1948.

ENGLISH LORD KNOWS HIS BULLS

ARGINTINOS are tough, but Lord Lovat, ex-Minister, ex-Commando, is tougher.

Demobilised, he found himself at Perthshire bull sales growing hot below the collar at the sight of Argentine buyers paying high prices for breeding bulls off his estate and selling them for far higher prices at Buenos Aires.

Therefore, last year, Lord Lovat took himself off to the Argentine with 30 bulls. These fine creatures, bred on the ancestral Lovat estates of 150,000 acres, have proved so popular that in little more than a year he has made four trips. The bulls lost weight on the ocean trip, but he sold them for up to £10,000 apiece.

He broke the bull ring.

IN London, the British Anti-Woman Society (which deplores woman's effect on industry and men's morals) was shaken to its foundations when its 32-year-old firebrand president, Fred Wormull, was discovered meekly doing the dishes; he admitted that he had been married for the last two months.

* * *

A MAN is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she feels like admitting.

As this issue of the magazine goes to Press Sydney's Coal Strike is at its height. Industry has received a serious setback and both gas and electricity for home purposes are restricted. Picture shows an aerial photo of Newcastle, main coal centre of New South Wales.



What Women These Were

Out of history came alive five shadows who testify to the French truth: Behind all trouble lies the shadow of a woman.

CLEOPATRA was never hard to find, either in the history books or in the villas of the great Roman conquerors who came to win Egypt and lost their hearts. At 20 she captivated Caesar, a man nearing 60 who had experienced four wives, and wasn't to be taken in by any red-headed, snub-nosed conniver—except that he was. Amidst a witty exchange of epigrams, dutifully recorded by Bernard Shaw, she accompanied the balding dictator to Rome, where she was extremely unpopular, particularly on the evening when Caesar was assassinated.

Not quite so loyal as a Petacci (Mussolini's concubine), she fled to Egypt and adjusted her make-up for the next Roman conqueror, Antony, another homebody who had enjoyed the services of four wives to help him out of his armor. A good-looking athlete, with a firm profile and a cleft chin, he was not overburdened with brains, but made up for that trifling deficiency by aggressiveness on battlefield and in boudoir.

When he first saw her, she reclined on her barge of the Nile, exquisite in a jewelled ankle band—a simple but effective costume, or at least so Antony thought. Unlike Caesar, who had kept his head as well as a queen, Antony was unequal to the rigors of the double task. For Cleopatra's sake, he lost a battle, the world, and his life. And only because there was then no place for her among his more realistic enemies, she fondled the asp which gave her its deadly poison. But her beauty lived on in the minds of men, in all ages.

* * *

CATHERINE THE GREAT of Russia needed no power behind her throne, only a good-looking young officer, according to all reports. Europe took the foibles of its monarchs lightly in her day, but for all that she was called the "Messalina of the North." There may have been something to this.

Her husband Peter, no prize, was conveniently killed off some say, although she made a convincing show of grief, at least to the men she was meeting during this tragic happening.

Don't expect to learn the names of all her lovers unless you go in for exceedingly complex research, for she reigned forty-four years as empress of Russia and she was both whimsical and imperious. Gregory Orloff is a good favorite to remember; another, Potemkin.

* * *

NELL GWYN was the girl who made good at the court of swagger King Charles II. Samuel Pepys, the diarist, called her "pretty, witty Nell." Even in that day of court wits, she must have had more than looks. She started as an orange girl, one of those pretty things who lined up before the stage, facing the audience, and exchanged oranges, quips, and sometimes addresses with the assembled lovers of the risqué Restoration drama.

She gaily spent the fortune which the King's Ministers had set aside for a monument in memory of his father, yet it was she who originated the idea of a Royal Hospital for aged and wounded army veterans.

* * *

GEORGE SAND, as any picture-goer knows, often favored men's fashions and was not very good for the failing health of composer Frederic Chopin. Hollywood has not revealed, however, that she had the same effect on other celebrities, including Balzac, Carlyle, De Musset, Sandeau, Merimee, Litz, Dumas, and others so numerous that when she proposed to write a tragedy of her loves, a cynic suggested it be in city-directory form. She never trifled with a king, but these greats of her day she could reduce to lovesick boys with a look.

"I do not like her face. There is something in it that repels me," wrote Chopin on the night he met her. Two days later he adored her. Why? She swore like a cavalry

officer, bullied everyone she knew, and chain-smoked big black cigars.

"My heart is a grave," she once cried, in a fine romantic frenzy, putting down her cigar. "I would rather call it a cemetery," said her lover of the moment. That finished him, and he left by the main gate soon after. It was a poor move to challenge George; she always said the last word in a book, no holds barred.

* * *

MADAME DU BARRY, of these five, was probably the most beautiful. Voltaire, gazing at her portrait, forgot to be cynical for once and admitted: "The original was made for the gods!" The original was born in the same neighborhood that had produced Joan of Arc. But there any fancied resemblance stops. Du Barry, at 16, also heard voices, but they were the smooth accents of the fastest-living set in Paris.

She made only one mistake in her rise from a slum to her goal as the pampered mistress of King Louis XV—she fell in love with a pastry cook. But she soon recovered from this social error, and from then on used the social register as a ladder to the court, and rung up a heart for each upward step.

Louis was enamored the moment he saw her from a secret hiding place in a court dining room, where he could eavesdrop on her unvarnished manners and frank conversation without inhibiting her "naturalness" by his presence. She was natural, all right, and he forgot Pompadour on the spot.

From then on, it was all love and palaces and intrigue and dresses, jewels and perfume for the king's wench . . . until the guillotine fell on her lovely neck. But the executioner had to hurry. For when the bloodthirsty mob saw her wondrous beauty, a silence fell upon them all, and a sigh of pity escaped from them like a breeze. But the heartless knife fell; her debt was paid.

—Condensed from *Femme in Digest* of World Reading.

THE HORSE OF THE MONTH

When Mr. Maurice Grogan was commissioned to buy yearlings in New Zealand in 1946 for the Messrs. Bowler Bros., he went to 1,200 guineas to secure Karachi and although that performer has still to prove himself any kind of a champion, his two recent wins at Randwick proclaim him one of the most improved horses in training.

KARACHI, by Neptune (imp.) from Sudan, arrived in Sydney right at the end of the year but did not start in a race until at Randwick on June 11, 1947.

Plenty of foundation work had been done on Karachi in New Zealand and he stepped off the boat in Sydney a well-educated, tractable and fit youngster. It speaks volumes for his early instructor that Karachi was backed to beat a good field in his very first race this side of the Tasman.

It was at Randwick that Karachi made his debut and regulars will recall his gallant effort against that exceptional speedster, Prince Mohican. It was only by a neck that Karachi was downed and it was generally conceded, at the time, that he would have reversed positions with The Prince had he had one previous race under his belt.

Trainer Ernie Byrnes was a disappointed man after that race, not for the money missed in wagers, but because Karachi strained himself in the event and had to be eased for a couple of weeks.

To Randwick Again.

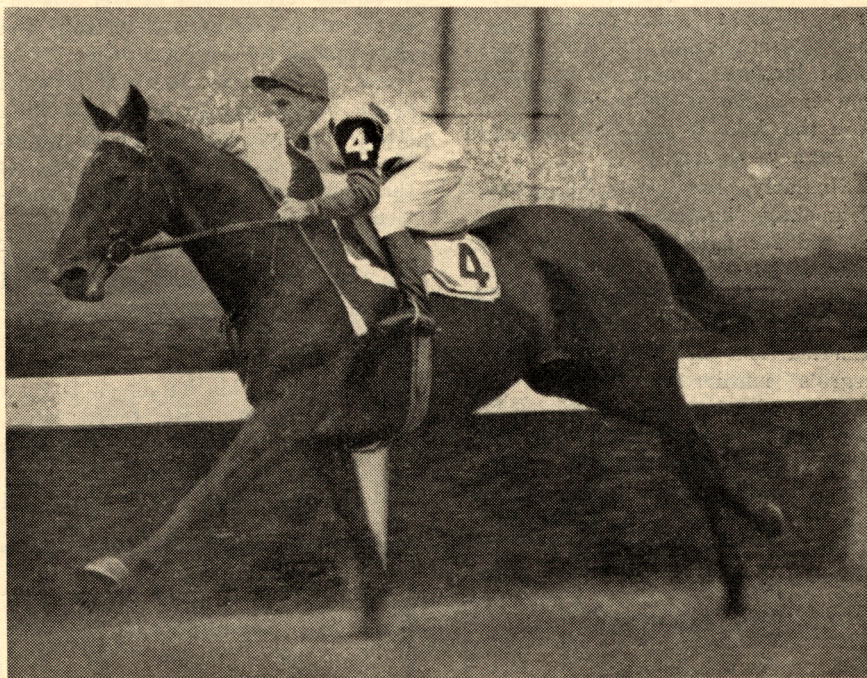
Byrnes stepped him out once more at Randwick on January 27 but the colt could only finish a handy fourth.

Recompense, however, was soon forthcoming as Karachi, at his next start, won a Maiden Stakes at Rosehill in very impressive fashion. In fact, that victory was responsible for the colt being selected as a real Derby proposition. He was immediately spelled as the first step in his preparation for the Blue Riband.

Whilst the youngster was enjoying his holiday, his owners decided to make changes in their racing plans and on his return, Karachi was handed to Maurice McCarten to train. It was made plain that Byrnes had given every satisfaction in his handling of the horse and it was merely for business reasons that the change of mentors was made.

Karachi did not tarry in taking a trick for McCarten as he won a Mixed Stakes at Rosehill first-up on August 2 and three weeks later was second on the same course to a good

On June 12, he distanced a good field of three-year-olds over a mile and a quarter and two days later won an open mile welter with twenty-one pounds over the limit. Few three-



KARACHI.

one in Marine Victory at a disadvantage of seven pounds in the weights.

Karachi's next three runs were at set weights for a third in the Canterbury Guineas, fourth in the Randwick Chelmsford Stakes and second to Conductor in the Rosehill Guineas.

Derby hopes were fairly high as a result of those efforts but Karachi did not stay the distance of the Classic and finished only a moderate fifth.

The connections then wisely decided that Karachi was not a dyed-in-the-wool stayer and he was taken out of all the long distance handicaps and again turned out.

So far, Karachi had not quite realised the ambitions of his connections but his form this time in has revived their hopes and his last two efforts, winning ones at Randwick, were chockful of promise.

year-olds, with 9.7 in the saddle, are capable of carrying that burden first past the post in open company.

Karachi races in the name of Mrs. L. A. Bowler and was a birthday gift from her husband. It was appropriate, therefore, that when he won his first race at Randwick on June 12, that date happened to be the birthday of Mr. Bowler.

Mrs. Bowler wanted to call the colt Star Dust when she first became the owner but the family prevailed upon her to call him Karachi in accordance with their practice of calling all their horses some name commencing with the letters Ka—.

Many better performers than Karachi raced during June but his remarkable improvement and dual victories at Randwick give him some claim to be considered the horse of the month.

Two Amazing Boxing Surprises

By James Holledge in "Life Digest"

POSSIBLY the two most scientific and correct fighters of recent years were Gene Tunney and Max Schmeling. They both held the world heavyweight title, and to them belongs the honour of causing the two greatest surprises in ring history.

In 1926 Tunney won the crown from Dempsey, the puncher. It didn't seem possible, but it happened. Loud laughter would have greeted you from the so-called experts before the fight if you had predicted a Tunney victory.

Similarly, ten years later, Max Schmeling, an ex-champion growing old for fighting, and quoted at odds of 14—1 in the betting, annihilated the apparently invincible Joe Louis. When everyone else in America had been dazzled by the negro's murderous punching, the hard-faced German fathomed his one weakness—and used it to gain victory.

The story of Gene Tunney reads

like romantic fiction. A handsome young fellow working in a New York office when the First World War broke out, he enlisted in the Marines, went to France, and won the light-heavyweight championship of the American Expeditionary Force.

On his return home he met a beautiful young heiress, fell in love, and determined to win her. To overcome the social barrier between them, he set out to make a million dollars—as a professional fighter. He did so, retired from the ring as the undefeated champion, and married the girl.

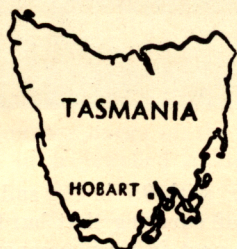
Tunney made fighting a science. He studied and trained just as hard as a young doctor or lawyer. Everything was worked out beforehand. For a long time his only concern was hardening his hands—a boxer's tools of trade. He felled trees, worked on a farm, and even soaked them in brine to harden the skin.

He knew his own powers also, and

without any boasting, he calmly told the reporters how he would dispose of Dempsey. "He's got to hit you to beat you, and he won't hit me—that is, not with any of the pile-driver punches that he has landed on others. I know that I'm a faster and straighter hitter than Dempsey. Jack was never much of a stayer. By that I mean he fights so fast in the early part of about that he tires quickly. Generally, by the time he tires, he has the other fellow all in also."

Science won the day. Using orthodox, straight left-hand leads and smart right-hand crosses, Tunney mercilessly battered Dempsey and won on points. The following year, in a return contest, he did it again. Then, well satisfied, he retired as the undefeated champion.

Tunney received £40,000 at Philadelphia for winning the title, and Dempsey £170,000 for losing it. Tunney then collected £198,000 for



TATTERSALL'S

First Prize - £10,000

CASH CONSULTATIONS

are a weekly affair.

Well and Widely Known.

The Ticket 5/-.

Postage for ticket and result, 5d.

"To Win You Must Be In"

The address :

**Geo. Adams (Tattersall)
HOBART.**

For Quality Meat . . .

HENRY WOOLFE

Two Famous Meat Stores

**636 GEORGE STREET and
130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

defending the title in Chicago, and Dempsey £85,000 for failing to regain it. Without doubt, Tunney was the richest ex-champion of them all. In his last two years in the ring he earned £480,000.

An even greater shock than the fall of Dempsey was provided for the boxing world when Max Schmeling defeated Joe Louis. The German was considered a hopeless outsider. Ridiculous odds of 14—1 were quoted against him.

At the time Louis was considered unbeatable. He was on the crest of a victory wave, having conquered Primo Carnera and Maxie Baer. The experts were calling him the greatest heavyweight ever.

Opponents were scare for the negro, and promoters were worried. Then on the scene came Max Schmeling, an ex-champion back from retirement in Germany.

They forgot that Schmeling had a boxing brain and iron determination to make a comeback. He watched Louis fight, and afterwards the papers reported that he had remarked to his manager, the famous Joe Jacobs, "I think I see somesings, Joe."

Verily he had seen "somesing"—one flaw in Joe Louis' style. He relied too much on the left hook. Swinging his arm in a wide arc, his chin was unprotected from a short straight right across within the arc. And that short right, the fastest punch there is, was Max's favorite.

The fight was a sensation. Until the fourth round, Schmeling retreated before Joe's murderous attack. Suddenly he stopped as he saw another left hook on its way. He threw a straight right hand that beat Louis, and dropped him to the floor.

The audience was almost as stunned as Joe Louis. It seemed incredible. There was more to come, however. Everytime the Brown Bomber would start swinging his left, Max jumped in with his short, zipping right.

Now Louis was taking punishment all the time and couldn't think of any effective counter against it. Gamely he held on, but in the twelfth round, after receiving another savage right-hander, he sank down to the canvas like a punctured tyre. He was out, and it was over.

BRACES FOR ENGLAND

IT is announced that all-elastic braces, the sale of which has been forbidden since 1943, will soon be in the shops again.

This will be good news to Mr. Arthur Bryant, who has been telling the world through the columns of the "Times," how, without intending to, he has burst four pairs of utility braces asunder as effortlessly as Samson burst asunder the withies with which the Philistines had bound him.

How strange it is that even the most austere of Governments should have failed to recognise the part played by braces in keeping up not only the trousers but the morale of the male sex.

It is seldom that a man feels more helpless—more in a state of collapse, indeed—then when he suddenly realises that his braces have broken on him. He lives for the time being in a nightmare world in which he imagines all sorts of dreadful things happening to him such as happen to Mr. Robertson Hare in an Aldwych farce.

He alone knows what has occurred, but he is in as twittering a state of apprehension as if everybody knew and he had become a butt for universal mockery.

Poor "Lout"

If he is at a party when the accident happens either he hurries home or, if he is foolish enough to stay, he dare not stand up but sits with an imbecile grin on his face, hearing nothing that is said to him and wondering how without a cloak of invisibility he will be able to get away and make for the blessed privacy of home and bed where no braces are needed.

I have sometimes wondered why it is that in England braces have always been considered slightly disreputable. At least, it has never been considered respectable for a man to expose his braces even on the hottest day in summer. I have heard a woman denouncing her husband as a "lout" merely because during a heat-wave he took off his coat and waistcoat in the garden and sat in a deck-chair with his

braces exposed to the glare of the sun, "Go in and get a belt," she told him "and try to look decent."

That is the English convention, indeed: If you wear a coat, you may wear braces; but, if you don't wear a coat, you must for the sake of decency wear a belt. A leader writer in the "Times"—it must have been Mr. Bernard Darwin, I think—once confessed that he had exposed his braces when playing golf on a famous course. He got very little support from his own cowardly sex, however. Women have decided that to expose the braces is a breach of decorum as it once was for a man to smoke in the street or to go out in town without a hat.

Perhaps it was in order to impress on men what a sinful feature of the costume braces are that Scottish Puritans gave them the sinister name "gallows." My own old nurse in the north of Ireland always called them "gallows," or rather—giving the word a double plural and mispronouncing it—"galluses." That is perhaps why I developed into a small kind of gallows bird early in life.

Sport Symbol

The time came, I admit, when, with a certain amount of pride I wore a belt with a serpent fastener; for a belt was the symbol of sport like a football jersey or cricket flannels. But by now I have become a confirmed gallows-wearer and would gladly expose my braces even on a golf course if I were allowed to do so.

It is time that we ceased to look down on these humble utilities of our costume. We owe a great deal to them. Just think of the way the Greeks and Romans used to have to dress for want of them.—Robt Lynd in "News Chronicle."

RUGBY Union fans will remember how St. John played full-back for Queensland against N.S.W. in the early 1900's. Seems the will to do overcomes almost anything—to short, "he who thinks he can, CAN!"

SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

Bill Kendall's Record 40 Yards

RECORDS were smashed in the Pool on Thursday, 10th June, when ex-Olympian Bill Kendall in winning a slashing final over 40 yards put up a Club record of 17 3/5 seconds.

Interest had been intensified in the heats when Kendall won one in 18 secs. and Carl Phillips and Dr. R. Opie won others in 20 secs. each, some of the speediest swimming seen in Club races for some seasons.

The final saw Kendall concede Phillips one, Opie two and the other qualifier, Peter Lindsay six—but with a magnificent start and turn Bill finished like a shot out of a gun to win narrowly from Opie with Phillips third.

On actual results Dr. Opie and Peter Lindsay were the stars of June as they tied for the monthly Point Score. This was Opie's first month with the Club, and after starting out on a handicap of 23 he is now down to 20.

Lindsay had been swimming badly until last month, but then he struck a purple patch and though he missed one race, he won two of the other three and was in the final of the other. His was a really popular win.

Whilst all the toplineers were battling away on records and monthly point score wins, Sid Lorking kept plugging along filling places and building up his tally for the "Native Son" trophy for the 1947-1948 Point Score. Sid has built up an almost unassailable lead and has the edge on Stuart Murray by 11½ points, with Clive Hoole a further 3½ away, followed by Pete Hunter another three astern.

With only four events to go, it's a shame to take the money, so the boys say, but the fight for the minor placings is a hot one.

As the Athletic Department is being all "prettied up," there has been no racing since the middle of June and the season, which normally would have ended early in July, will carry on for a few weeks extra. As soon as the Pool is ready again, the first of the last four events will be held. Watch the notice boards!

It is hoped to hold the Swimming Club's Annual Ball earlier than last season, and as soon as arrangements are completed Club members will be notified so that they can get in early with their bookings.

News from club member Bill Phillips, manager of Australia's Olympic Swimming Team, is that the Australian Water Polo team had no trouble in winning three games in England, but struck its first snag when a Turcoing, France, team beat them rather easily and then a Paris team followed suit. In Belgium a Brussels side just beat them, but Bill reckons the experience is doing the boys a lot of good and they'll be wise to all the tricks when the Olympic Games commence.

Athletic Department habitues all wish to express their deep sympathy with popular member Edwin Penfold on the loss of his wife.

Results:—

1st June—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: D. B. Hunter and P. Lindsay (52) 1, H. E. Davis and S. Lorking (46) 2, G. Boulton and S. Murray (46) 3. Time, 50 secs.

8th June—40 yards Handicap: W. Kendall (20) 1, Dr. R. Opie (22)

2, C. B. Phillips (21) 3. Time, 17 3/5 secs.

15th June—P. Lindsay (26) 1, C. B. Phillips (21) 2, S. Lorking (23) 3. Time, 25 secs.

June Point Score: P. Lindsay and Dr. R. Opie 21, 1; S. Lorking 20, 3; A. K. Webber 17½, 4; C. B. Phillips 15½, 5; S. Murray 13½, 6; H. E. Davis, D. B. Hunter and A. McCamley 13, 7; G. Boulton 12, 10; J. Shaffran and S. B. Solomon 10, 11; C. Hoole 9, 13.

1947-1948 Point Score.

Leaders to the end of June were: S. Lorking 143½, S. Murray 132, C. Hoole 128½, K. Hunter 125½, A. McCamley 119½, P. Lindsay 116, A. K. Webber 116, J. Shaffran 110, N. P. Murphy 97, P. Hill 87, H. E. Davis 85½, D. B. Hunter 80, C. Chatterton 77½, S. B. Solomon 74½, D. Wilson 72, T. H. English 68½, P. E. Gunton 57, B. Chiene 52½, C. B. Phillips 48½, W. Kendall 34.

**IF YOUR CAR
IS OUT OF
ACTION**

Hire one from

**AUTO
U-DRIVE CO.**

724 George Street, Sydney.

and

DRIVE YOURSELF

Auto U-Drive Co.'s cars are clean inside, gleaming bright outside, and in beautiful mechanical order. You'll find their car as good if not better to drive than your own.

**BUSINESS
PLEASURE**

DAY

NIGHT

FROM 6d. MILE.
(No Rental Charge)

'Phone:

M6062-3

and they'll have a car warmed up and ready for you to drive away in.

CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

Funeral Directors

Established 1830.

**SERVICE WITH ECONOMY
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE**

**Taylor Square
Darlinghurst**

'Phones : FL 4136-7-8.



Rural N.S.W.: A veritable sea of wheat as far as the eye can see at Greenthorpe.

GRIT.

SIX times this year I have seen a tall, splendidly-built young heavyweight slip through the ropes and blast his way to a quick victory by the knock-out power in his fists. Yesterday morning I saw him emerge a winner once more, but this time it was after a victory over a foe ruthless, deadly and mysterious—infantile paralysis.

The winner was young Danny Sewell, 17 years old last month, who was leaving the Prince of Wales Hospital after a long, bitter, near-to-death 10-week struggle with the disease that struck him down in the full power of his promise.

As he wheeled himself down the hospital corridor to the waiting ambulance he grinned and said: "Well, here's where I start training all over again."

Danny never gave up the fight for life, not even when they put him in an iron lung for the most critical 24 hours of his life. I know he will not give up now. Perhaps in 18 months or two years we will see him back in the ring again.—Bernard McElwaine.

THE ENGLISH DIVER.

THE DIVER, the most versatile horse in training, runs for the Round Oak Chase. Mr. J. J. Astor bought The Diver at the same time as he did Chaka, at the sale of the

late Sir A. Bailey's horses, and he got him for only 150 guineas. The Diver is three times a previous winner at Windsor and during his career has scored in flat, hurdle races and steeplechases.

SERVICE and EXPERT ADVICE...



REAL ESTATE. Robert Paxton & Co. have been established in Martin Place, Sydney, for over 25 years, and are managing agents for some of the largest Manufacturing and Retail organisations in Australia.

Auction Sales conducted, valuations made for all purposes, rents collected, and properties managed.

INSURANCE. All classes of Insurance are effected by Robert Paxton at
MARINE

FIRE

ACCIDENT

LLOYD'S

OF LONDON

AVIATION

ALL RISKS

LOSS OF PROFITS

WORKERS' COMP., ETC.

For personal attention to your insurance needs, 'phone BW 4159.

AIR TRAVEL. This new department provides PROMPT, EFFICIENT SERVICE without charge for all AIR RESERVATIONS. Up-to-date information—Travellers' Insurance, advance accommodation arrangements. TICKET DELIVERIES TO CITY OFFICES. For specialised attention to your Air Travel requirements, 'phone BW 4158.

ROBERT PAXTON & CO.

9-11 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY. 'PHONE BW 4158.

RG7—128.

HANDBALL CLUB DINNER

Happy Augury for New Season

ONE of the happiest Club gatherings of the year was the Handball Club's Annual Dinner, held in the Club on June 8th, when a big gathering of ballbangers enjoyed a smashing evening.

Only note of regret all the evening was the announcement of the retirement from the position of Honorary Secretary of Sam Block, who has worked so hard over many years for the furtherance of Handball in Tattersall's Club. In proposing the toast to Sam, "Mick" Murphy paid a fine tribute to the work of the retiring official and referred to the unselfish manner in which he had carried it out.

Mr. Block told the gathering how he had enjoyed his job and that he was very pleased to announce that Peter Lindsay had agreed to succeed him and that he would be always on hand to help Peter if required.

Under the capable chairmanship of Don Wilson, speeches were snappy and to the point, entertainers struck the right note and the community singing of topical handball songs set to popular tunes, led by Ivor Stanford and Clive Hoole, all tended towards the enjoyment of an evening made possible by the organising ability of Sam Block and the attention of Tattersall's Club's officers and staff.

Judge Rainbow was in rare form with speech and story, and the quartette of money changers, Jack Shaffran, George McGilvray, Arthur Webber and George McGilvray helped towards the gaiety of nations with stunts previously unheard of.

New Secretary Peter Lindsay appealed for more interest in Handball, and said that he looked forward to the day when the game would be even more popular than swimming in the Club.

Judge Rainbow urged the speeding up of the competitions, and deplored the dreary dragging on of the contests owing to members not playing their games on time. He also paid his tribute to Sam Block without whom, he said, there would have been no competitions or such a fine function as the dinner.

Listening to the speeches of thanks by winners of trophies one gathered that they were all very lucky to win and that, anyhow, they didn't deserve to collect the trophies. Those remarks were received with a certain amount of reserve by the listeners, as the winners had all worked hard for their victories.

Apologies for non-attendance were announced from Messrs. Lionel Bloom, W. Kirwan, R. J. Hastings and George Goldie, all of whom had presented trophies. Others who have always been prominent in Handball circles but who were unavoidably prevented from attending were Edwin Penfold and Harry English.

Presentation of the season's trophies were made by Chairman Don Wilson and Judge Rainbow as follows:—

E. E. Davis—Club Championship,

trophy presented by G. Goldie; "Winooka" Handicap, trophy presented by A. J. Matthews.

G. McGilvray—Club Championship runner-up, trophy presented by L. Bloom, W. Kirwan and R. J. Hastings.

P. Lindsay—"B" Grade Championship, trophy presented by Ted Davis.

C. Woodfield—"B" Grade Championship runner-up, trophy presented by L. Bloom, W. Kirwan and R. J. Hastings; "Winooka," Handicap runner-up, trophy presented by A. J. Matthews.

T. H. English—"C" Grade Championship, trophy presented by E. E. Davis.

N. P. Murphy—"C" Grade Championship runner-up, trophy presented by L. Bloom, W. Kirwan and R. J. Hastings.

B. Partridge—Most improved player, 1941, trophy presented by L. Bloom, W. Kirwan and R. J. Hastings.

FOUNDED 1848.

100 Years
OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

and
THE LARGEST INSURANCE
COMPANY IN THE
BRITISH EMPIRE.

The

Prudential

**ASSURANCE COMPANY
LIMITED**

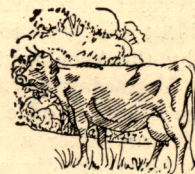
(Incorporated in England)

**LIFE — FIRE — ACCIDENT
MARINE**

Specialists in Staff Superannuation
Schemes.

**Head Office for Australia and
New Zealand:**

**PRUDENTIAL BUILDING,
MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.**



**RING
M2981**

for
butter
milk
ice
bread
fish
poultry and
Penguin Ice Cream.

The N.S.W.
**FRESH FOOD
AND ICE CO. LTD.**
1 HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.



*MORE ABOUT
COAL: Here is
a picture of
Open Cut coal
mining—a
process to
remove the
overburden.*

THE WAYWARD WIND.

THE 1947 "Old Farmer's Almanac" reports as "incredible but nevertheless true" that on Mount Tagnus in Portugal "mares are sometimes impregnated by the wind." They got this remarkable information from Fairfax Harrison's "Roman Farm Management" and Mr. Harrison could have had it from Pliny, Vergil or St. Augustine. Plutarch thought that birds might be impregnated in the same manner.

It is curious that these spermy winds should be localised in this

one spot for so many centuries — a spot, by the way, within the horse latitudes.

Some have felt that women are confronted with the same danger or opportunity. Guttmacher quotes one, Abraham Johnson, who believed so devoutly that children were developed from "floating animacula" in the air that he wanted a law passed forbidding copulation for one year in order that his theory might have a fair trial.—Bergen Evans in "American Mercury."

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

ONLY in the state of Texas (U.S.) is a man permitted by statute to kill his wife's lover. Elsewhere he runs the risk, slight to be sure, of an unsympathetic jury.

That this statute should exist only in the Lone Star State where the men are notoriously virile and the women magnificently loyal is slightly puzzling. It obviously has no significance to Texans and must, therefore, be intended to encourage newcomers to conform to the local standards or, perhaps, to attract the tourist trade.

Honour Where Honour is Due

Here is a story, mainly about the war, which concerns one of our members, Reg Allott, Managing Director of Punchbowl Brick & Pipe Co. Pty. Ltd. It tells of the dark days when Hitler and his confederates scooped the pool for essential magnesite deposits and how same were found in Young (N.S.W.). Naturally it was the deepest of deep secrets but now, in peace time, the truth can be told, the extreme modesty of Reg Allott notwithstanding.

SOMETIME, in the not too distant future, it is hoped, members of the Brick and Tile Industry will combine to produce a recapitulation of their war effort. In any such history the activities of the Punchbowl Brick and Pipe Coy. Pty. Ltd., will loom large because of an unique order, fulfilled beyond all expectation, and which meant so much to the British Government.

Early in the war, when Germany had control of Austria and Greece, it controlled the bulk of the crude Magnesite so urgently needed by the Allies.

From crude Magnesite a multitude of essential material for warfare is produced. Most important of these is metallic magnesium — a metal which, whilst being lighter than aluminium, is stronger than steel and is used extensively in all types of construction where weight is an important factor, particularly aeroplane fabrication.

Something had to be done

Something had to be done and done quickly. An extensive search throughout Australia as well as other Allied territories, had located large deposits of crude magnesite about 14 miles outside Young (N.S.W.) and 260 miles from Sydney. Trouble was how to excavate, treat and ship to England the quantities required.

This is where Punchbowl came into the picture when Canberra requested the company to undertake the job.

After a speedy interchange of cables to and from the British Government, Punchbowl agreed to excavate, rail to Sydney, calcine (fire the crude to drive off carbon oxide), bag and ship in quantities up to 2,000 tons per month to a specification of:—

Magnesium Oxide, 90 p.c. Minimum.

Silica, 3 p.c. Maximum.

Lime, 3 p.c. Maximum.

Loss on Ignition, 1½ p.c. Maximum.

Canberra was, to put it mildly, more than pleased to get any organisation to attend such a huge project, and promised all possible assistance. When it is understood that for every 16 tons of dirt excavated at Young only one ton of calcined magnesite (magnesium oxide) was shipped, the immensity of this undertaking can be appreciated.

Speed was Essence of Contract

The project moved quickly:—

Sleeping quarters, recreation huts, canteens, refrigeration, etc., were built on a site near Young to house the workers, mechanical excavators, loading equipment, while tipping trucks were despatched to the site and, within three weeks crude magnesite began to arrive by rail trucks in Sydney. To illustrate difficulties met it is interesting to note that the whole of the time that excavation was carried on all drinking water had to be carted 14 miles.

The crude was railed to three points, as no single siding could attempt to handle the traffic involved.

These points were Punchbowl, Sutherland and Newtown. The latter station being handy to Austral Brick Co. Ltd., who accepted a sub-contract to calcine a portion of the crude.

Stacking Into Kilns

On arrival at the various yards the crude was stacked into the kilns and fired to 1,000 degrees C., during which process it lost half its original weight.

Next step was to bag the calcined material, which was done in bags lined with a waterproof paper to resist moisture on the voyage to England.

Shipping was the next problem and,

as can be appreciated, had to be carried out with a minimum of notice and maximum of secrecy. One or two hours' notice to ship 400 or 500 tons to a certain ship was a common occurrence, and frequently such work was carried on far into the night.

Sometimes it was a case of labour in vain, as the shipment failed to reach its destination due to enemy action.

One shipment that was particularly rushed did not get further than 100 miles from Sydney Heads when a Japanese torpedo sent the craft to the bottom of the ocean.

When Peace Returned

With the return of peace the urgency of this ore ceased, but the Company still had some thousands of tons to be shipped when able to do so.

At the present time this business has stopped due, mainly, to the inability of the Railway Commissioners to supply rail trucks to carry crude to Sydney. But it is the Company's intention to again enter the field when circumstances permit.

Now that the war is over it can be told that the cheque from the British Government to the Punchbowl Brick & Pipe Co. Pty. Ltd., for magnesium oxide supplied, topped a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

Apart from magnesite the Company was also engaged in manufacture of Acid Resisting Stoneware pipes and tiles for use in the manufacture of explosives.

The story as told above supplies a glorious instance of how at least one clay manufacturing company played by no means an unimportant part in the great production of an essential commodity for successful prosecution of the war.

Mannie Seamon Sums Up

"DEY ALL BOX ALIKE."

CARUSING round London Town beneath a stetson that impresses even the pigeons of Trafalgar square is a thick set New Yorker by name of Mannie Seamon, who has summed up British fighters in a Brooklyn peanut shell: "Dey all box alike. Dey jab wid a left, and den dey jab again." Now Mister Seamon, whose hobby right now is licking that big guy Joe Louis into shape, isn't belittling British boxers. Some of our boys, he says, look mighty fine prospects—but they could be a lot better (writes Frank Butler in "Daily Express," England).

Mannie is too polite to say our boxers "ain't" handled the right way. But I say they certainly ain't. Our training system is way behind that

of the Yanks and some of our managers, in their university days, failed to get a degree in physiology, but passed with honours in compound interest. Seamon, who looks 40, was born at Chicago 50 years ago. He soon found New York, and since he was 15 blood and fighters have been his bizness. He has handled them all from Benny Leonard, Johnny Ertle, Kid Lewis, Gene Tunney, and Carnera, down to Louis, and he has only to sniff once to tell a champion from a palooka.

"Britain is a nation of fighters," says Mannie. "You've got plenty of good material, but the material sometimes misfires. When a British fighter comes to America we know jest what he's gonna do, and we plan to beat him."

The Americans are more thorough than we are in the fight game. Mannie says a trainer shouldn't take himself too seriously.

Every fighter Seamon handles is given a check-up by an eye specialist four times a year. If a fighter's sight is in danger, Mannie sees to it that the boxer gets out before he is blind.

Mannie says that of all the fighters he has trained Louis is the greatest, but adds that another guy of the same name, but spelt Lewis, was the best British fighter he saw. Kid Lewis used to fight as a lightweight to suit the other guy, and he kept coming at them at any weight.

Mister Seamon can't understand why we don't produce Kid Lewises any more. And so say all of us.



Water Storage: The State Government is pushing ahead with the Warragamba Dam meanwhile the Wyangala formation attracts eyes of tourists with its beautiful lines in construction.

What's in a Name?

Half the trouble in this world is caused by the people who poke their noses into other people's business and the other half by those who don't.

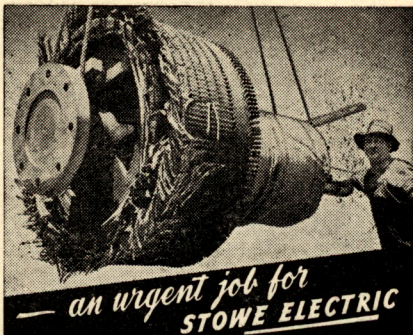
ON balance I'm inclined to think that the nose-pokers do less harm or, if you prefer it, more good than the non-pokers who keep their delicate noses daintily in the air.

A very good treatise could be written to show that progress owes more to the provocative than to the placid people; to the Communists than to the Conservatives. The trouble is that the provocative people have a way of growing placid as the years go by, and where, outside the Carlton Club, will you find such a grim crew of Conservative diehards as there is in the Kremlin?

There are Times.

Broadly speaking, I am on the side of the Nosey Parkers, Paul Prys and Peeping Toms, and generally in favour of having a finger in every pie,

There are times, however, when no Tom should peep, Paul pry or Parker poke his nose. Such a time I should



ORGANISED FOR Unified Control of ELECTRICAL SERVICES

- New Installations and Contracting.
- Maintenance and Electrical Equipment Repair.
- Manufacturing.

Whatever your electrical requirements—no matter how tough the repair job—write or phone

STOWE ELECTRIC PTY. LTD.,
2-6 DRUITT PLACE, SYDNEY.

'Phone : MA 6671 (4 lines).

have thought is when a mother chooses a name for her child. Even that notorious Nosey Parker, Flecker's Caliph, though he broke the lovers on the pitiless wheel and tore the living flesh from their quivering bodies with white-hot hooks, never presumed to tell them what they should call their offspring.

That has been left to the Rev. William Alfred Gibson, Vicar of All Saints, South Wimbledon, who has refused three times recently to accept the names chosen by the parents. Among names he objects to are Lettuce and Pansy. He even asks why parents should call a girl "Hazel" after a nut when there are so many saints' names to choose from.

Whence the Authority?

Mr. Gibson has a right to his views, but I wonder where he derives the authority to compel parents to change the name they have chosen under the serious threat that he will refuse the child baptism?

On that I make no comment. Perhaps Hugh Redwood may have something to say about it. But I would like to know what the vicar has against Lettuce? It is a nice, clean, crisp name, and the lass would be called Letty, anyway. Maybe there is something in the vicar's creed which favours flowers but frowns on vegetables. But then he frowns on Pansy, too. It is all very puzzling. I resist quoting Shakespeare, but surely in these hard times there is at least as much in the name of this fine nutritious vegetable as in that of the most romantic rose.

After all, in Swansea once, a lad was christened "David," but as long as British men still thrill to the salt swing of the sea they will call him "Potato" Jones.

Possibilities.

Nobody would blame Mr. Gibson if he refused to baptise a baby "Beelzebub" or even "Jezebel," but when he airs his personal prejudices against flowers and vegetables it is a different matter. Who knows where it may end? Perhaps the Vicar of North Wimbledon may hate generals

and refuse to call a child "Monty," or the Rector of Parsons Green may take a poor view of Tennyson and decline to use the name Maud.

It may even end up with the Dean of Canterbury banning the names Marshall and Ernie and the Bishop of Birmingham insisting that all boys shall be called Darwin!

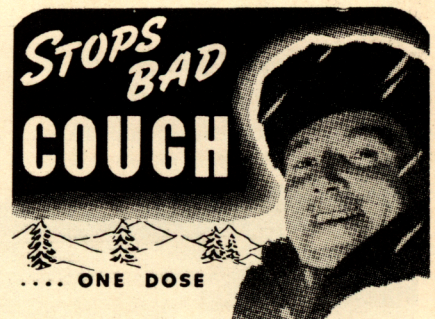
There is only one thing I regret. If only Mr. Gibson had been at work in Wick fifty years ago one of my female relatives would have been spared the burden of going through life with the label Magersfontein Mackay.

—Ian Mackay in the "News Chronicle."

OVERCOME by gas while taking a bath, she owes her life to the watchfulness of the janitor.

* * *

A WOMAN flees from temptation, but a man just crawls away from it in the cheerful hope it may overtake him.



HEAVY COLD or bad, insistent cough causing you annoyance and interfering with business or social life? Then pour yourself a teaspoon of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture. Let it be on your tongue for a moment . . . then swallow slowly. Feel instant, powerful action spread through throat, head, lungs. You'll hear no more from that tough old cough nothing seems to help. Buy Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture at the 1st Floor Club Store or any Chemist—price 2/3.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT
For Coughs • Colds • Bronchitis • Influenza

Buckley's CANADIOL
MIXTURE

Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.



THE "N.Y.A.C." PARTY FOR OLYMPIC GAMES

An example of the way the Games are viewed abroad is illustrated by our affiliate club, The New York Athletic Club, which is conducting an exclusive tour with the official party aboard the Queen Elizabeth leaving New York on July 16.

SUCCESS of Australian athletes in England's title events has buoyed up hopes for a repeat at the Olympic Games to start in London on July 29. It would be unwise, however, to judge or over-stress such victories because of the wide gap between English form at the moment compared with world amateur standards.

The party will return by the same Cunarder on August 14. This will permit five full weeks of fun and recreation with every detail planned in advance. Programme includes golf, sightseeing and a round of social engagements. The Club is accommodating as many former Olympians as possible but the rush became so severe that a policy of first come first served was adopted from the onset.

Rural N.S.W.: Young, in the Riverina area has for long been famed for its cherry orchards. At one time the largest of the group claimed the world area record and £100 was offered for anyone who could eat one cherry from each tree in one day. It would have meant many miles of walking apart from the eating. That lot is now heavily subdivided.

The proposed itinerary includes: July 21, arrive in London; July 22, sightseeing and entrain for Scotland for six days golf at famous St. Andrews, Gleneagles, Troon and other courses. Non-golfers will have the option of sightseeing trips.

July 29: London for the official opening of the Games at Wembley Stadium. July 30 to August 3, Olympic Games including admittance to all track and field events.

August 4: Leave by plane or Channel steamer for Amsterdam, Holland, and sightseeing for two days. August 9: To Paris for three days and two nights Fun, Frolic and sightseeing then night boat to Southampton from Havre and home on August 14.

Every effort has been made to keep expenses down to the minimum and Olympian Bob Gleason appears to have done a great job of organising.

City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited.

Head Office:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, House-owners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.

ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED IN
CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS,
Managing Director.

White Feet Prejudice Still Strong Factor

Prejudices in racing have cost punters dearly, in fact hundreds of pounds, but backers who harbour such notions cannot be swayed, no matter how frequently their fixed ideas be blown to the four winds. Quite a number of club members let prejudice influence their betting intentions, often with unhappy results.

FOR one thing the colour, sex or shape of a horse matters not one iota so long as it can win races, but a long established prejudice and one likely to ever remain is associated with horses with four white feet or "socks" as they are familiarly known.

It is a pet aversion, with hundreds of turfmen, but fortunately few so adorned are seen on the racetrack. Breeders don't like them as they realise owners won't bid too high once the yearling enters the sale ring. Such yearlings certainly look odd when parading in the weighing enclosure.

First printed in England in the bygone days, the following eight-line verse dealing with this most controversial subject is often quoted by the prejudiced when they see a galloper with a lot of white hair above the feet:

*If you have a horse with four white legs,
Keep him not a day;
If you have a horse with three white legs,
Send him far away;
If you have a horse with two white legs,
Sell him to a friend;
If you have a horse with one white leg,
Keep him to his end.*

There are, of course, several variations of this stanza. Citation, U.S.A.'s best 3-year-old and winner of Kentucky Derby, has two white feet. Armed and Assault, among the world's leading stakes winners, each have one white foot. Assault is now at the stud.

The best part of 20 years ago Randwick trainer Bill Henderson had a horse named Four Socks in his team, so named because it had four white legs. Known familiarly as "Socks," he was no slowcoach as he won 13 races. Club members well remember this good winner, the best of his kind so far as four white legs are concerned.

Prejudices extend to jockeys, trainers, courses, and various other sides of racing, some of the fixed ideas bordering on stupidity. It is really amusing to listen in to certain racegoers discussing particular pet

aversions. Their losses have regularly been a bookmakers' gain and none could blame a fielder for benefiting from such, often silly, notions.

Certain club members are noted for indulgence in prejudice often at a cost of many pounds, yet they won't budge, even in the light of adverse results. Their illusions are regularly shattered but they come up for consistent punishment. However most men shelter a particular idiosyncrasy.

Many backers have apprentice riders set. They won't support a horse if the stable apprentice or another such horseman has the mount, but there are more apprentices on A.J.C. books than fully-fledged jockeys, that is in the Metropolitan area. After all the apprentice has to make a start sometime if he is going to make good. Darby Munro, Jim Pike, Billy Cook, and others had to make their name from a lowly beginning as a rider.

Strangely enough Bill Henderson is now training another horse with four white feet, the two-year-old colt Snowstream. Lord Rex and Farhad, two other Sydney gallopers, also have four white feet. They are winners in moderate company.



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.

MURINE
For
Your EYES

Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.

The Care of an Estate

THE care of an Estate demands not only integrity and specialised knowledge, but organised facilities to ensure daily attention to all matters affecting its interests. Such organised attention by specially trained staff, working under the constant supervision of the Management, and a Board of Directors of wide experience is provided by Perpetual Trustee Company (Limited).

Call or write for particulars of the Company's service.

PERPETUAL TRUSTEE Company Limited

The Hon. T. A. J. PLAYFAIR, M.L.C., Chairman.
H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director.

A. G. ARMYTAGE, Manager.

Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney
for Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.
33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY



AUNT JANE'S GRAND BALL

Graham Robertson heard his friend, Oscar Wilde, tell this story several times. Robertson had a wonderful memory, and so these are almost exactly Wilde's own words.

MY AUNT JANE was very old and very proud, and she lived alone in a splendid, desolate old house in County Tipperary. No neighbors ever called on her, and had they done, so she would not have been pleased to see them. She would not have liked them to see the grass-grown drives of the demesne, the faded chintzes and suites of shuttered rooms, and herself, no longer a toast and a beauty, no more a power in the countryside, but a lonely old woman who had outlived her day.

From year to year she sat alone in her twilight, knowing nothing of what passed in the world without. But one winter, even Aunt Jane became aware of a wave of excitement sweeping over the neighborhood. The New people were coming into the New house on the hill and were going to give a great ball, the like of which had never been seen. The Ryans were enormously rich. "Ryans?" said Aunt Jane. "I don't know the Ryans. Where do they come from?" Then the blow fell. The Ryans came from nowhere in particular and were reported to be "in business."

"But," said Aunt Jane, "what are the poor creatures thinking of? Who will go to their ball?" "Everybody will," she was assured. "Everybody has accepted. It will be a wonderful affair."

When Aunt Jane fully realized this, her wrath was terrible. This is what things had come to in the neighborhood—and it was her fault. It had been for her to lead; she had brooded in her tent when she should have been up and doing battle. And then Aunt Jane made her great resolve. She would give a magnificent ball; she would re-enter Society and show how a **grande dame** of the old school could entertain. If the County had so far forgotten itself, she would rescue it from these impertinent interlopers.

Instantly she set to work. The old house was repainted, refurnished, the grounds replanted; the supper and the band were ordered from

London and an army of waiters was engaged. Everything should be of the best—there should be no question of cost. All would be paid for, Aunt Jane would devote the rest of her life to the paying.

At last the great night arrived. The demesne was lit for two miles with colored lamps, the hall and staircase were gorgeous with flowers, the dancing-floor smooth and shining as a mirror. The bandsmen bowed deeply as Aunt Jane, in a splendid gown and blazing with diamonds, descended in state and stood at the ballroom door.

There she waited. Time went on,

the servants began to look at each other, the musicians tuned up two or three times to show their zeal. But no guests arrived. And Aunt Jane, in her beautiful gown, still waited at the ballroom door. Eleven—12—half past 12.

Finally, she swept a deep curtsy to the band. "Pray go and have your supper," she said. "No one is coming."

Then she went upstairs and died. That is to say, she never again spoke a word and was dead in three days.

Not for some considerable time after her death was it discovered that Aunt Jane had quite forgotten to send out any invitations.

—Condensed by The Reader's Digest from "Oscar Wilde, His Life and Wit," by Hesketh Pearson.

BIGGER
BETTER
SMARTER

THE NEW
Klipper
WOOL TIE

4/3
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Made from a Vicars Wool Fabric

DINNER AT 7.30

THE Revells had been married for 14 years. Paul was doing well in the City, and life went smoothly. This increased Mrs. Revell's shock when she found the letter.

It was in a book on rose culture which Paul had brought back the previous evening. He had left it in the hall and his wife naturally glanced at it. The writing was Rosamund Kelly's.

What was she writing to Paul for? Mrs. Revell's mouth was firm as she read the letter.

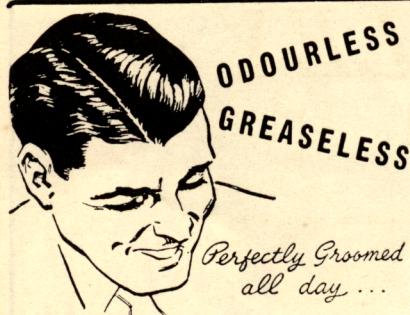
"My dear one,

"Of course I'll dine at Halley's with you on Thursday, but it will have to be at seven-thirty, I'm afraid, not seven.

"It's sweet of you to ask me. Of course I love you, you old silly; you know I do. "Rosie."

Mrs. Revell collected her wits.

Thursday . . . to-day was Thursday. And Paul, she remembered, had said that he would be late home from town.



A FEW DROPS of Velmol rubbed through the hair in the morning and you can forget it for the rest of the day—you'll be as smart and well groomed at five as you were at nine. Velmol gives your hair that natural, healthy lustre so unlike the "concrete-board" effect of greasy, gummy brilliantines and fixatives. Buy a bottle of Velmol from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price, 2/3.

VELMOL

Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.

"We shall not be in for dinner," she told the cook an hour later, as she set out to catch the three-thirty to town.

"Good gracious!" said Paul, looking up from his desk as she entered the office.

"I thought I'd run up and give you a surprise," she said.

"Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Of course there isn't. I felt a bit lonely, that's all. I've come to be taken out to dinner."

"All right," he said, doubtfully. "There's a lot of work on hand, though. I told you I might be late."

"Then you'll do the work tomorrow. To-night, you take me out. We'll go to Halley's."

They reached the restaurant at 7.25 and while Paul was in the cloakroom the revolving door admitted . . . Rosie.

Paul ambled up without, apparently noticing Rosie, and his wife took his arm as they turned towards the staircase.

Paul seemed quite at ease, and to add to her surprise Mrs. Revell saw that Rosie had entered the room and that a man was with her.

"There is one thing about this place," Paul was saying. "The food is good. And it's English. You know my dear, you're the prettiest girl in the room!"

"Nonsense," she smiled. "My dear Paul, Rosie Kelly is sitting at a table just behind you."

She watched him closely as she spoke.

"I'll look round in a moment," he said casually.

"Wonder who the fellow is she's with? I can't see his face," he said after a glance.

"I wonder, too," said his wife.

Mrs. Revell was powdering her nose in the ladies' room when Rosie came up to her after the meal.

"Hallo!" she said, amiably. "Going to a show?"

"No."

They went back to the vestibule together. And to Mrs. Revell's increasing surprise they found her husband and Rosie's companion chatting.

"Luker . . . let me introduce you to my wife," said Revell. "He's one of the bunch on the eight-sixteen in the morning," he explained.

"It's too late for a show," Revell went on. "But I've asked Luker to come back for a drink. What about you, Rosie?"

"I'd love to . . ." Rosie said.

The book was still on the hallstand as they went in. Revell produced the drinks and turned on the radio.

"I've got an announcement," said Luker. "Rosie and I are going to be married. She said 'Yes' this evening."

Revell was enthusiastic in his congratulations; it was all getting beyond Mrs. Revell, whose thoughts were on the letter in the red book. By the time the guests went the whole thing was becoming rather like a nightmare to her.

In the hall they stood about chattering.

But suddenly Luker noticed the book and picked it up. Mrs. Revell watched. Here was the climax — Rosie's letter.

"You'll find this book excellent," he assured Revell. "Don't hurry about returning it. Good gracious!" he added. "Here's your letter still in it, Rosie!"

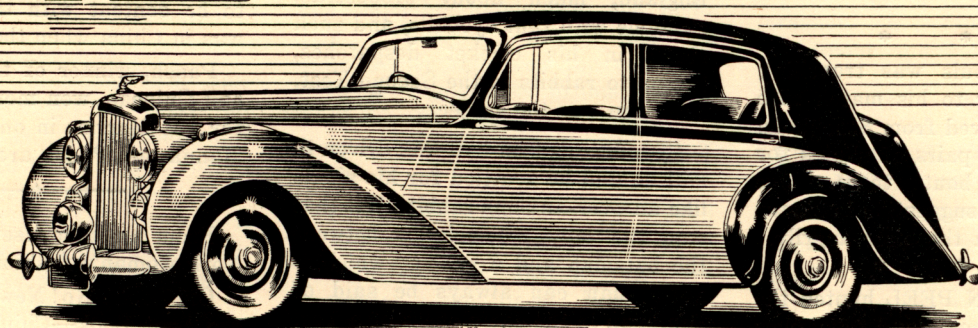
—Holloway Horne in the London "Evening Standard."



47 CASTLEREAGH STREET,
SYDNEY.

(Cnr. Rowe and Castlereagh Sts.)
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

THIS
Desirable
PROPERTY



The Silent Sports Car
Produced by Rolls-Royce

BENTLEY

MARK VI 4¼ LITRE

Among connoisseurs of fine cars Bentley has always enjoyed a unique reputation, one founded not merely on its high performance but also upon the way in which this is attained — brilliantly and unobtrusively, in a typically British manner.

In the post war, 4¼ litre, Mark VI Bentley, Rolls-Royce has enriched even this reputation, has made this unique British car even more than ever a "desirable property"

YORK MOTORS PTY. LTD.

(Inc. in Vic.)

Accredited New South Wales Distributors for
ROLLS-ROYCE and **BENTLEY**

101-111 WILLIAM STREET, SYDNEY. FA6621

Around the World in Sport

THREE lucky dogs left England by The Queen Mary for U.S. They expect to beat the Americans, live on steak and eggs, and send England several thousand dollars. They belong to Dartford contractor Fred Trevillion. Trev's Perfection, triple Derby winner, leads the team. He had retired to stud, but he interrupts breeding to appear on U.S. tracks at 5,000 dollars a time. Says Trevillion: "We should win; American greyhounds aren't in the same class as ours—and we'll be on their rations."

WHEN Joe Louis was travelling abroad prior to his match with Walcott, he received from Stockholm an offer of 2,600 pairs of skates for an exhibition bout there. Joe sensed a sinister suggestion in skates and turned down the offer angrily.

FARMER JOHN PEEL hunted the fox across Cumberland fells, blew his horn and shouted "Tally-ho!" More than 100 years later his descendant John Peel shouted "Tally-ho!" fired the first shot in the battle of Britain. Group-Captain John Peel,

D.S.O., D.F.C., now 37, remembers that day in August, 1940, when "a cloud of little black dots grew steadily nearer" and he thought, "This is it—this is what you've been waiting for." Now young John Peel has retired from the R.A.F., and he's learning to be a farmer in Herts. "And I hope to do a bit of hunting," he says. Like old John.

DENZIL BATCHELOR, who has been writing to "S.M. Herald" from England, much about orchestras, stallions with taut eyeballs, and such stuff; in his cricket despatches, turned to rabbits in the Second Test, Bradman was the subject:

"Bradman's first ball was driven to mid-on and he scuttled for his single like an over-anxious rabbit. But that was the only resemblance between the batsman and a rabbit—which is more than can always be said of Bradman in the early overs of a Test innings, nowadays."

FRANCE gained her first-ever Rugby Union victory on Welsh soil by the convincing and well-merited margin of 11-3—a goal and two tries to a penalty. Yet the Frenchmen must be considered lucky in one respect. No one would have blamed Referee Alan Bean if he had abandoned the game at half-time, when the crowd became out of hand. Before the start thousands had broken through the rail surrounding the field and lined the touch opposite the main stand.

At half-time, thinking they'd get a better view, many swarmed across the pitch to the other side. This seemed to set the rest of the crowd off, and in no time they had surged forward on to the field. Police did what they could, and then Mr. Bean, a Sunderland schoolmaster, after halting the game, patrolled the touchline from end to end gently urging the crowd back. After a stoppage of about seven minutes he was able to restart the game. Twice spectators dashed on to the field to attack French players. Another tried to join in a line-out!

MEMORIES of Manna, the race-horse which Steve Donoghue used to say was the best of his Derby winners, crowded in upon owner Harry Morriss when he watched the Derby this year. During the war he was a prisoner of the Japs and his business interests in Shanghai had since kept him away from British tracks.

Manna won in 1925. Mr. Morriss was so delighted he gave Donoghue £10,000. He nearly won the Derby again in 1938 with Pasch but had to be content with third place. He was in China when the race was run.

Pasch, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, won more than £20,000 for Mr. Morriss in one season. Both Manna and Pasch are now dead.

From an advertisement in a New York woman's fashion newspaper:—

Old Look? No! New Look? No! For the Last Look—Chiffon burial dresses. Devine Garment Co. Inc.

My dear, I wouldn't be seen dead in it.



When Hair Grows Thin

Promote new growth with McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . easy to apply, economical and pleasant to use. McMahon's Hair Restorer is quickly effective in cases of falling hair, baldness, alopecia patches, scalp dryness. Excellent for dandruff, which goes in a few applications. Harmless to the most delicate skin. Use McMahon's, too, for keeping the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER



Tattersall's Club
SPECIALLY IMPORTED
HOUSE WHISKY
(HIGHLAND NECTAR)

Produce of Scotland
BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION
OF THE COMMONWEALTH CUSTOMS
The Quality never varies

AN old friendship was renewed in a Victorian house in Kensington, London, when Tommy Farr dropped in to take coffee with Joe Louis. Theirs is a unique friendship—before this meeting they had not exchanged a dozen words. But more than a decade ago—August 30, 1937, to be exact—they faced each other for 15 rounds in a world title fight. It was 45 minutes of silent fury, each striving to destroy the other. Yet during this encounter they learned to respect each other's courage, determination and ability.

They found it hard to make conversation. Farr left Brighton with a breakfast tucked inside him, and ready to take lunch with Mister Louis. At noon Joe was just about ready to start breakfast—the sun dragged him from his bed early—so Tommy started on a second meal, and Joe got down to bacon, eggs, coffee, toast, butter and more coffee. They talked between rounds. Louis is a man of few words, but he can do what many have wanted to achieve all their life—read a book, eat breakfast, hold a conversation at the same time.

He handed Tommy a small black note-book, an illustrated guide to all the Brown Bomber's fights. "You'll find yourself there, Tommy," grinned Joe. "It's easy to find 'cos you're standing up." After breakfast they talked about the fight game; agreed it has been good to them financially, but that there's a lot of heatbreak, and earnings are carved into several pieces before the fighter gets his share.

* * *

IN England sports to which the blind have turned are bowls and fishing. With bowls they depend on sound to judge distance as someone claps his hands over the jack. For handling his fishing line the blind angler relies on the carefully developed sensitivity of his fingers. In the case of people like these the word "sportsmen" takes on a new lustre.

I remember seeing a one-legged skater years ago, and he was good enough to give the average ice speedster a run for it. It all seems to depend on "wanting to."

Writing from Cardiff Cyril Spiers,

manager of Cardiff City soccer club on this will to overcome handicaps, tells a story of four of his boys who joined up together at the beginning of the war. One was drowned in a Jap transport, the other three were reduced to skeletons in P.O.W. camps "The three are with the club to-day," he said. "Billy James, the inside forward, temporarily lost his sight, but he never lost heart, and I think it was his spirit alone that pulled him back to the fit lad he is to-day."

Another famous footballer whose spirit carried him through dreary convalescence, after two plane crashes, is Stanley Mortensen, Blackpool and England forward.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN timber will be used at M.C.C.'s suggestion, in building of Lord's memorial gallery to cricketers who lost their lives in World War II. Australian internationals who died on active service included Ross Gregory, shot down over Germany, and Charlie Walker.



Picture shows portion of the Clarence River on N.S.W. Far North Coast. Photo was taken from Woodford Quarry looking toward Broadwater. River is navigable by ocean going steamers for a distance of 50 miles.

Racing Clubs Raise Winter Period Ante

Winter racing for high stakes is a latter day innovation but naturally pleasing to owners of horses who supply the wherewithal to keep sport in a prosperous and flourishing condition. Clubs in Eastern States are carrying out their part by considerably raising ante in the way of attractive stakes.

IN past years the winter season was regarded as an "off period" and main attractions were the Grand Nationals in Melbourne followed by Australian Hurdle and Steeple. Sydney had its A.J.C. Winter Stakes and in late Autumn the Q.T.C. staged its Stradbroke and Brisbane Cup fixtures.

Stakemoney for A.J.C.'s Winter fixture was at high-water mark this term, The June Stakes, 6 furlongs, being a £2,000 race and The Winter Stakes, 13 furlongs, worth a similar figure. The Stradbroke was again a £4,000 sprint (in which, incidentally, the N.S.W. visitors were outclassed) and the Brisbane Cup, a £5,000 contest, won by local galloper Sicarda from Sydney Cup winner Dark Marne.

Races in other States were cor-

respondingly attractive from the stakemoney angle and for the first time on record Sydney this month has an £8,000 winter double, programmed by Sydney Turf Club.

First leg, The Winter Handicap, £3,000, seven furlongs, is to be decided on July 24, and S.T.C.'s Cup (£5,000), 1½ miles, a week later.

Both will be run at Rosehill. As drawcard, the sprint had 80 entrants, while 84 payments were made for the Cup. Standard engaged was a clear indication that attractive stakes will always bait owners and keep the best horses in training, no matter what period of the year the races are scheduled.

Among those which figured in the entry list were Columnist, The Diver, Sir Raven, Valiant Crown, Star of India, Cronides, Proctor, Nestor, Star

Port, Doughnut, Herbert River, Silver Link, Craigie, Avalanche and Clatterbag.

B.A.T.C.'s Doomben "Ten Thousand and Cup" again were rich races and the northern Club was rewarded for its policy in bumping up stakes. Horses came from as far as Adelaide to contest the double.

Second leg, the £5,000 Gold Cup, was set down for July 10 and as this went to press Sydney owned candidates looked like reaching the money.

Freseano, owned by Mrs. C. Ives, wife of Club member Cyril Ives, was expected by connections and the horse's trainer Dan Lewis to make a bold showing. Others with solid support included St. Fairy, Craigie, Blue Boots, Clatterbag and Murray Stream.

(Continued next Page.)

J. A. D. GIBSON & Company Pty. Limited

**364-372 KENT STREET,
SYDNEY.**

Specialists in Bulk Supplies
of First Grade Teas and
Coffees for over 40 years
to Clubs, Hotels, Cafes,
Restaurants, etc.

**Tea blended and Coffee
roasted daily in our
Warehouse.**

*Special Daily Delivery to all
parts of the City.*

**PRICES AND SAMPLES ON
APPLICATION.**

Telephone: M 2328 (3 lines).

ROSS BROTHERS PTY. LTD.

Established 1862.

545-7 KENT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Telephone - - M 4955

Telegrams and Cables - - "Rossprint Sydney"

**GENERAL PRINTERS
STATIONERS
BOOKBINDERS**

**Labels and Cartons for all Purposes
PRINTED IN COLOURS — EMBOSSED — VARNISHED**

How She Got Her Flat

YOU had to hand it to Kathryn. There she was, one of heaven knows how many thousand London girls waiting to find a flat so that she could marry. Yet she was perfectly confident that she would and on her own quite modest terms.

"Failing a sheer fluke," I told her when we met for cocktails at the Browns', "you don't stand an earthly. Look at the young married couples to-day making shift in one room, use of bath and so on, because it's all they can get. I must say, I admire their courage."

"So do I," she said, "but it wouldn't suit me. I'm not starting married life under those conditions. Rather than that I'll run the risk of being an old maid!"

"Well, just at present, Kathie, you look like being one," I said. "Face up to it—you'll never find a flat unless you're prepared to pay the earth."

"That's what everyone says," she agreed.

"And what do you propose doing about it?"

"I shall find the flat I want," she said. "It'll be pleasant and sunny and self-contained and in the kind of neighbourhood I like. It will be reasonable—within our means. And there won't be any snags or premium."

"Really?" Her confidence amazed me.

This Cup has been won by half a dozen visiting horses during the comparatively short time it has been programmed, list including Cooranga, Beaulivre and Dark Marne.

Twelve months ago the Sydney division scooped the pool when Dark Marne ran home winner of the Cup from Hiraji and Good Idea. Incidentally, Embrolita, who finished fourth in that event, is now in New Zealand and recently won his first race there.

Doomben form last winter proved an excellent pointer as Hiraji won The Melbourne Cup a few months later and this autumn Dark Marne landed the Sydney Cup. The Diver, unplaced at Doomben last year, more recently won A.J.C. Doncaster Hep.

"Why not? It's simply a matter of determination and faith. These difficulties are just sent to try us. Okay. We'll beat them."

"And I suppose George is helping?" I inquired.

"George?" She smiled slightly. "He's not very practical, I'm afraid, outside his accountancy job."

I ran into Kathryn at the Browns' and at other friends' places from time to time, and heard the usual stories I had come to expect. "It'll come—all in good time. You can't rush these things. I'm not worrying," she said.

"But meanwhile — time marches on?"

"Let it!"

"And what about George—isn't he fed up waiting?"

"Things worth having are worth waiting for," she said gazing past me into the distance without a glimmer of a smile.

I didn't see her for some time. I was away travelling a lot and lost touch. Then I ran into her one morning in the street. She was looking rather pleased with life—and herself.

"Hello, Kathie," I said. "Where are you off to? Shopping?"

"No. Just to measure the windows for curtains."

"What windows? What curtains?"

"The flat, of course," she said quietly. "It's charming. You must come along and see it when we settle in."

I gave her a look.

"Flat? You're not telling me you've—?"

"Of course! Just as I said I would."

"You're not kidding?"

"Why should I be? It's just along to the left, round the corner."

"Well, well," I said. "Good for you. How did you manage it?"

She laughed. "Quite simply. I went along and got a job at an estate agent's. I realised it was useless just being on their books — and they wanted an assistant."

Now it was my turn to laugh.

"Well" — I chuckled — "if you aren't the cool limit! You go and get a job at an estate agent's in

order to get a flat—on the inside, the ground floor so to speak! And now you're standing there with an 'I told you so look' which is positively offensive! . . . Isn't George bucked?"

"George?" Momentarily she was a shade confused, embarrassed. "Oh, I forgot. Of course, we haven't met for months — you wouldn't know."

"Know what?"

"That it broke up weeks ago. George just got tired of waiting."

I gasped. "You don't say? I am sorry. Then you're not marrying? All that trouble to find a flat, and then, when at last you've bagged one, you're not—"

"But I am! On the contrary . . . Someone I think you'll like—someone I—"

"Really, Kathie," I interrupted, "you stagger me. Who—?"

"The estate agent," she said, matter-of-factly. "It was the only way."

—Trevor Allen in London "Evening News."

BOOKSHOP SLUMP.

SLUMP in book sales everywhere is causing some of the new publishing houses to examine their accounts. A special writer comments: "I predict that many of these concerns, conceived and nurtured during the book boom, will be out of business by the end of this year."

"One factor in their gloom is their paper costs. Publishers established before the war get their paper quotas from the Government at controlled price: those firms which have arisen since must buy paper where they can in the "free market." Often this costs them 50 per cent. more than the controlled price. The decline in sales makes publishing an expensive gamble for some of these people."

"Some of the older publishers are no less concerned at the state of the book market. Good general literature still sells, but fiction is being left on the shelves. The average novel to-day costs 8/6 or 10/6. My view is that these prices are too high. There ought to be a reduction now of 1/- a copy, and we should aim at getting back to the 7/6 novel. Publishers are against this. I think they will be short-sighted if they do not cut prices to meet the reduced buying power of the customer."

Racing Fixtures

JULY.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 17
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 24
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 31

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	MON. 2
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 7
S.T.C. (Moorefield)	SAT. 14
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 21
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 28

SEPTEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 4
Tattersall's Club	SAT. 11
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 18
Hawkesbury Racing Club (Rosehill)	SAT. 25

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 2
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 4
Australian Jockey Club	WED. 6
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 9
City Tattersall's Club	SAT. 16
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 23
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 30

NOVEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 6
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 20
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 27

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 4
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 11
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 18
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 27

WILLIAM H. SELLEN

Printer and Typographer

240 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Offering a specialised service in Letterpress and Offset Printing, Duplicating, Advertisement Setting, Mats, Stereos, Art Work, Etc.

RING M 3857 for SERVICE

Billiards and Snooker Tournaments

Results to July 5, 1948

BILLIARDS.

W. G. Marshall	Rec. 110	beat	A. E. Stutchbury	Rec. 150	by	1
S. E. Chatterton	" 90	"	H. H. Robinson	" 80	"	90
S. Peters	" 60	"	W. A. McDonald	" 150		Forfeit

2nd Round.

B. M. Lane	Rec. 100	beat	J. D. Mullan	Rec. 140	by	12
E. A. Davis	" 40	"	G. H. Booth	" 125	"	38
L. J. Haigh	" 100	"	R. Carter	" 150	"	72
E. N. Welch	" 110	"	J. I. Armstrong	" 110	"	54
W. M. Hannan	" 125	"	A. Browning	" 125	"	20
E. W. Abbott	" 125	"	J. Eaton	" 80	"	7
J. H. Peoples	" 115	"	W. R. Dovey	" 130	"	38
E. Welch	" 110	"	J. I. Armstrong	" 110	"	54
J. R. Coen	" 95	"	W. G. Marshall	" 110	"	51
W. R. Laforest	" 90	"	A. J. McGill	" 80	"	9
P. J. Schwarz	" 80	"	L. Tasker	" 105	"	60
S. E. Chatterton	" 90	"	S. Peters	" 60	"	27
F. Vockler	Scratch	"	J. Davis	" 125	"	46
Harold Hill	Rec. 100	"	R. E. Edmondson	" 150	"	4

SNOOKER.

W. S. Edwards	Rec. 50	beat	A. V. Miller	Rec. 20	by	15
---------------	---------	------	--------------	---------	----	----

2nd Round.

A. J. Chown	Rec. 25	beat	A. E. Stutchbury	Rec. 60	by	36
H. R. H. Foley	" 45	"	J. L. Hughes	" 50	"	7
P. J. Schwarz	" 40	"	A. M. Cattanaach	" 35	"	11
D. F. Graham	" 45	"	N. Seamonds	" 55	"	14
E. A. Davis	" 20	"	P. R. Larkin	" 35		Forfeit
K. F. E. Fidden	" 30	"	S. E. Chatterton	" 35	by	23
P. N. Roach	" 55	"	M. Lloyd Jones	" 35	"	47
J. Harris	" 50	"	A. J. McGill	" 40	"	24
E. R. Purves	" 50	"	F. J. Geddes	" 50	"	25
E. W. Abbott	" 45	"	T. H. English	" 50	"	32
J. L. McDermott	" 40	"	C. J. Manning	" 40	"	3
C. O. Chambers	" 45	"	W. Forster	" 50	"	50
A. M. Watson	" 40	"	F. Ezzy	" 50	"	14
Harold Hill	" 40	"	R. R. Doyle	" 50	"	36
L. Tasker	" 45	"	D. Lake	" 40	"	1
C. E. Young	" 40	"	S. R. Relton	" 50		Forfeit
L. H. Howarth	" 35	"	R. Rattray	" 35	by	13
E. W. Bell	" 60	"	J. D. Mullan	" 55	"	23
W. S. Edwards	" 50	"	R. L. Ball	" 50	"	35
N. R. Plomley	" 35	"	T. E. Sweet	" 60	"	39
J. Davis	" 55	"	I. E. Stanford	" 40	"	25
Geo. Webster	" 40	"	R. E. Edmondson	" 60	"	10
K. Ranger	" 40	"	W. Longworth	" 10	"	84
J. A. Craig	" 45	"	G. H. Booth	" 50	"	7

ROOSEVELT SHRINE.

AMERICA'S newest national shrine the "Little White House," near Warm Springs, Georgia, where President Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945. In the President's study, a rumpled copy of the "Atlanta Constitution" still lies on his desk, where he laid it down that afternoon complaining he had a headache. The front-page headline reports "Ninth Army 57 Miles From Berlin." The battered hat Roosevelt wore that day, as he sat on the porch taking the sun, still

hangs in a cupboard, with his dog Fala's chain beside it. On a window sill are small metal pans in which Mr. Roosevelt had been putting maize for the birds a few minutes before he collapsed.

London Airport Customs have a wit. When Bob Hope was asked if he had anything to declare, he said: "Just my genius and personality." Replied the Customs man: "Oscar Wilde said that in New York in 1890. Can't you think of a new one?"

Members who are always at your service

A. G. CONNOLLY

*Member, Tattersall's Club, Sydney,
Victorian Club, Melbourne.*

RAILS — RANDWICK

R3

PADDOCK ALL OTHER COURSES.

H. (BARNEY) FAY

RAILS — RANDWICK

R4

PADDOCK ALL OTHER COURSES

JIM HACKETT — KEN WILLIAMS

*Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney,
Victorian Club, Melbourne.*

*Our Reputation Stands Alone for Largest Amounts,
Liberal Prices and Prompt Settlements.*

FAIRNESS — PRIVACY

are the cardinal points and the secrets of success of

HACKETT and WILLIAMS.

Sufficient Address: Cable Address:
J. HACKETT, SYDNEY. "HACKWILL," Sydney.

No Reply — No Business.

W. A. McDONALD

D6 RANDWICK D6

RAILS — ROSEHILL

FRONT ROW

Canterbury and Moorefield.

JACK MANDEL

Member of Tattersall's Club and Victorian Club.

REGISTERED A.J.C., V.R.C.

RAILS — RANDWICK
ROSEHILL and FLEMINGTON

A. J. MATTHEWS

*Member of Tattersall's Club, Sydney,
Victorian Club, Melbourne.*

Registered A.J.C. and V.R.C.

RAILS — RANDWICK and S.T.C. COURSES.

Doing business on registered racecourses only.

Sufficient Address: JOE MATTHEWS, SYDNEY.

W. MULLIGAN

DI RANDWICK DI

RAILS — CANTERBURY AND ROSEHILL.
DOUBLES ON ALL MAJOR EVENTS.

S. PETERS

C13 RANDWICK C13

PADDOCK — ALL OTHER COURSES.

TOM POWELL

"Longshot"

Member of Tattersall's Club and Victorian Club.

A9 RANDWICK A9

Rails All Other Courses.

DOUBLES ON ALL MAJOR EVENTS.

FOR YOUR NEXT PRINTING ORDER

contact

"The **HARBOUR" PRESS**

120-124 CHALMERS STREET,
SYDNEY.

Telephone - - - - MX 1447 (4 lines)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB — SYDNEY

September Race Meeting

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1948

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, a Mixed Stakes Race as a maiden horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race, or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for apprentices.)

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For Three and Four-Year-Olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

ONE MILE.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with Penalties and Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £1,250 added. Second horse £250, and third horse £125 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £500 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £300 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £300 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb.

ONE MILE.

Entries close before 3 p.m. on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1948.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th September, 1948.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

M. D. J. DAWSON,

Secretary.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.